

Baked Highlands

The Highlands were baked in ice,
so cold that the tea was a block
sitting in a cup that long ago wished
for a stove.

The endless roll of overcast, beautifully
mixed with isolation of life and
the good clothes, worn by three of us,
climbing up and down and of course sideways, face skin
sparkling from a frigid breeze that was
not too fast in moving across our feet but
always seeking attention
as a wind curious about these three limbed animals
in its so ancient place of living
and non-serious conquer,
almost humour, really.

We forged the hours, cliffs keeping our journey in a
sort of order like daylight stars moving in clouds
and hiding near the moon. A stop for more
sizzle-hot Brodies and a couple jam sandwich bites take
us closer to a final long arc through the valley, sunbeams
ravaging holes in the sky, like markers
for all that's good and giving signs we're ending a day
with a coming ride to the pub
and a right nice meal.